

FROM - QUARTER T. LINDS,  
FROE - OWNED BY A. L. INCOLO

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# Curios and Relics

Tools

Frows

Owned by Thomas and  
Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the  
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## LINCOLN RELIC AT PERU

Frow, Device Used in Making Clapboards, Given Circus City Museum

PERU, Ind., Oct. 31.—(UP)—A frow, a device used decades ago in making clapboards, which was once owned by Thomas Lincoln, father of President Lincoln, has been presented to the Miami County Historical Society museum here by F. W. Troutman.

Thomas Lincoln used the frow when he erected a log cabin in Coles county, Ill., where he died in 1851. John King, a neighbor, borrowed the frow and neglected to return it.

He gave it to his son, who, in turn, gave it to Troutman. Nov 1, 1931

## Looking for Lincoln | PHOTOS

### Illinois trip includes Vandalia, Springfield and Petersburg sites

By Roger McBain

Sunday, May 29, 2011

Like many people I know, I admire Abraham Lincoln and his legacy.

I grew up steeped in stories of this homely, homespun hero who was raised in log cabins, split rails, learned to read by candlelight and taught himself law and oratory. He honed his keen intelligence, wry humor and deep sense of humanity to become America's most iconic and tragic president.

Even so, when I set off with my wife, Jo Ann, and our friends Tim and Julia on a tour of [Lincoln museums and memorial sites in Illinois](#), I brought more enthusiasm for the company than for the mission. I didn't expect to feel a personal connection with the museum exhibitions, memorials, statues and plaques I expected to encounter over the long weekend.

That's how I felt, at least, at our first stop, in Vandalia, to visit [the site of a former state capital](#) where Lincoln began his political life as a state legislator from New Salem.

Once inside the preserved and restored old capitol building, however, I felt myself slipping back into the early 19th century, walking the same floor planks, stepping up the same stair treads Lincoln trod.

The quill pens perched in their ink wells, the candlesticks positioned on the long slanting desks, the sand-filled wooden spittoons and the simple wood stoves used to heat the tall-windowed rooms took us back to the late 1830s, when Lincoln served in Illinois' House of Representatives.

We made an unexpected, tactile connection to Lincoln across the street, in the Fayette County Museum and Artworks Gallery. After talking with us about photographs of Lincoln's family and a large mural depicting Vandalia in Lincoln's time, one of our museum hosts did something remarkable.

She opened a glass cabinet and pulled out a heavy, iron blade fitted with a worn wooden handle. She showed us the letters "AL" etched into the back of the blade, explaining that it was Abraham Lincoln's froe, a tool he'd used to split shingles.

And then she handed it to us. We took turns hefting the froe, feeling with our own hands the grain of the handle Lincoln had worn and stained with his own fingers.

In Springfield, we checked into the Rippon-Kinsella House Bed & Breakfast, a nicely restored, antique-filled, mid-19th century, three-story brick mansion that, we learned, overlooks one of the last avenues Lincoln's horse-drawn hearse rolled along at the conclusion of the extended, cross-country funeral procession that brought the assassinated President's body home.

Over the 19 days between Lincoln's death in Washington, D.C., and his burial in Springfield, more than a million people viewed his body in the Capitol and at stops in 10 cities, and an estimated 7 million watched it pass on a train car or in its hearse.

The next day we visited what my history-major wife said may be the best history museum she's ever seen.

The Abraham Lincoln Presidential Museum is an amazing place that brings together intriguing details, authentic artifacts, state-of-the-art technology and dazzling presentation to create a compelling, engaging portrait of Lincoln's life and presidency.

It's easy to spend a day in the 100,000-square-foot museum. We spent most of one, studying artifacts including Lincoln's stovepipe hat, glasses and shaving mirror, Mary Todd Lincoln's dresses and jewelry and a handwritten copy of the Gettysburg Address.

We moved through sweeping and intensely personal dioramas following Lincoln from boyhood through the Civil War, his assassination and the execution of those convicted of plotting to kill him.

We cringed at the contemporary radio talk-show and Internet blogosphere resonance of the Whispering Gallery, a curving hallway where voices in the ceiling hissed inflammatory rumors, accusations and outright lies about Lincoln as we passed framed reproductions of period editorial cartoons depicting Lincoln as assorted beasts, buffoons, foreigners, monsters, devils and other demonic figures.

We marveled at the interaction between a live actor and glowing, 3-D holograms in "Ghosts of the Library."

And we stood in stunned silence as the "odometer of death" counted off, battle by battle, four years of Civil War casualties: (702,000 for the North, 621,000 for the South) in a graphic moving picture map.

We ended the days' touring a few blocks away, at the Lincoln Home National Historic Site, moving through the restored home Lincoln and his family shared from 1844 to 1861, when he left for Washington.

On the way back to our B&B we stopped for one more personal touch with history — to grasp the original door handle Lincoln reportedly used to enter the depot whenever he took a train from Springfield.

Our final day began with a visit to Petersburg, where we toured the cabins, mills, school and cooper's shop in a restoration and re-creation of New Salem, the village where Lincoln fell deeply into debt in two failed stores, where he met Anne Rutledge

(who may have been his first, tragic love) and where he won his seat in the state legislature.

After a visit to Anne Rutledge's grave site in Petersburg, we concluded our touring with a pilgrimage to Lincoln's tomb, back in Springfield's Oak Ridge Cemetery.

The tomb, topped by a stone monolith guarded by monumental bronze military statues, was closed that day, but we managed one more hands-on Lincoln experience.

Just before we left, we reached up to the monumental bronze bust of Lincoln gazing out over the cemetery, pressing our own palms to that noble nose.

We figured nobody would mind — Lincoln's nose already gleamed with the polishing of countless others who felt compelled to touch a beloved American icon.



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